

The Historie of

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buc.
krom, that I told thee of.

Prim. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,

Poines. Downe fell his hose.

Fal. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came
in foot & hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prim. O monstrous! eleuen bukrom men grown out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell wold haue it, three mis-begottē knaues,
in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it
was so darke, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prim. These lyes are like the father that begets thē, grosse
as a moūtain, opē palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou
knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch,

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the
truth?

Prim. Why how couldst thou know these men in *Kendall*
greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand?
come tell vs your reason, What saist thou to this?

Poines. Come your reason Iacke, your reason.

Fal. What, vpon compulsion? Zounds, and I were at the
strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on
compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons
were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason
vpon compulsion, I.

Prim. He be no longer guiltie of this sin This sanguine co-
ward, this bed-preiser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill
of flesh.

Fal. Zbloud you staruling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong,
buls-pizzell, you stock-fish: O for breath to vtter what is like
thee! you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile stan-
ding tucke.

Prim. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou
hast tired thy selfe in base cōparisons, hear me speak but thus.

Poyn. Marke, Iacke.

Prim. We two, saw you foure, set on foure & bound them, &
were masters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shal
put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a
word

Henry the Fourth.

word, outfac'd you from your prize, & haue it, yea,
it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried
way as nimble, with as quick dexterity, & roared fo
still run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a f
to hack thy sword as thou hast done, & then say it v
what tricke? what deuce? what starting hole can
find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant f

Poin. Come lets heare Iacke, what tricke hast thou

Fal. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee th
Why heare you my maisters, was it for mee, to l
apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? V
knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware inf
on will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a grea
was a Coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better
and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and th
Prince: but, by the Lord Lads, I am glad you hau
Hostelle clap to the doores, watch to night, pray
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the ri
fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? f
a Play extempore?

Prim. Content, and the argument shall bee, thy ru

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. A

Hof. O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

Prim. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist

Hof. Marry, my L, there is a Noble man of the co
would speake with you: he sayes he comes from yo

Prim. Giue him as much as will make him a Roy
send him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hof. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his Bed at midn
giue him his answer?

Prim. Prethee doe Iacke.

Fal. Fy, and Ie send him packing.

Prim. Now sirs: birlady you fought faire, so di
did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away v
you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

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